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daughter, Lyra D. Trueblood; his son-in-law, Jonathan M. Steere, of Haverford, Pa., and his niece, Effie Trueblood Chase, of Kennebunkport, Me. The following day, October 30, at 2.30 P. M., services were held at the Friends' Church, Wilmington, Ohio, at which there was present a large company of relatives and former associates of Dr. Trueblood in his earlier years of educational and religious work in the States of Iowa, Indiana, and Ohio. President David M. Edwards, of Penn College, Iowa, represented that institution, of which Dr. Trueblood was president from 1879 to 1890; Prof. Allen D. Hole represented Earlham College, Indiana, Dr. Trueblood's alma mater, where he held his first professorship, while President J. Edwin Jay spoke on behalf of Wilmington College, of which Dr. Trueblood was president from 1874 to 1879.

The services were conducted by the pastor of the Friends' Church, Rev. Ellison R. Purdy, who spoke from the 38th verse of the 3d chapter of II Samuel: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" Rev. Charles M. Woodman and Rev. S. Edgar Nicholson offered prayer. Personal tributes of affection and respect were paid by President Edwards, Charles M. Woodman, S. Edgar Nicholson, Prof. Allen D. Hole, and Prof. Ellen C. Wright, a member of the first class to graduate at Wilmington College under Dr. Trueblood and professor of Latin in that institution from that time to the present. The students of the college attended the funeral services in a body.

The music consisted of "Hark, Hark, My Soul, Angelic Songs Are Swelling," and "Abide With Me," sung by the Friends' Church Quartet, and a tenor solo, "Face to Face," sung by Frank MacDonald, of Wilmington.

The pall-bearers were nephews of Dr. Trueblood's wife.

The body was taken that night to Cincinnati, Ohio, for cremation, and on Tuesday afternoon, October 31, at 4.30, the ashes were interred in Sugar Grove Cemetery at Wilmington, by the grave of Dr. Trueblood's only son, who died in infancy.

DR. TRUEBLOOD: A TRIBUTE

By JAMES J. HALL

Director, South Atlantic States Division, American Peace Society

Although the death of Dr. Benjamin F. Trueblood was not altogether an unexpected event, yet it was with a sad heart that with Prof. Arthur D. Call and Dr. James L. Tryon I left New York, Friday night, October 27, to attend his funeral at Newton Highlands, Mass., on Saturday, the 28th.

One incident in my relations with Dr. Trueblood I shall never forget, for it revealed the spirit of the man and was so considerate on his part. Shortly after entering upon my duties as Director of the American Peace Society for the South Atlantic States, I remarked to him that it was a pleasure to work under him, when he replied, "Dr. Hall, you do not work under me; you work with me. You are my coadjutor—my fellow-laborer."

I had known him for years, and knew him to love him. When in his prime he was a tower of strength

for righteousness. His passing away was in keeping with his whole life; his heart was still compassionate and his brain busy as he exclaimed, "O, this poor suffering world; nothing but the love of Jesus can save it."

It can truly be said of Dr. Trueblood that "he served his own generation by the will of God and fell on sleep."

BENJAMIN F. TRUEBLOOD

By SAMUEL H. M. BYERS

Author of "Sherman's March to the Sea."

This poem was written by Major Byers, a life-long friend of Dr. Trueblood, for the memorial services held at Penn College, November 14, 1916.

Where, where is the field of honor,
Since ever the world began,
Like that where the Christian soldier
Uplifteth his fellow-man?

There, never the drums are beating,
There, never the trumpets sound,
Where the cowards seem retreating
And the bravest are falling 'round.

Such, such was the field of honor
Where he of our bravest fell,
The dream of his life unfinished,
Or lost in his funeral knell.

"Peace, peace!" he had cried forever,
And he cited the holy word;
For a little while they saw him,
And it almost seemed they heard.

For his was the Master's teaching,
And his was the Master's way,
And all men seemed persuaded—
But only a little day.

For sudden the night of madness
On all of the nations fell,
And he who had prayed God's sweetness
Saw only the pits of hell.

And over his noble spirit
The shadow of sorrow came;
But the bells in heaven were ringing
The glory of Trueblood's name.

And, spite of the world's unheeding,
When the rage of the war shall cease,
There'll be tears in the eyes of the many
For him who had died for peace.

Rest, rest,—for thy limbs were weary;
But never thy work was vain,
For the torch that thy hand uplifted
Shall lighten and shine again.